

2

THE CHRONICLE

History of Henry the fift,

With his battell fought at *Agin Court*
in *France*. Together with *Antient*
Pistol.

As it hath bene sundry times playd by the Right honorable
the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants.



LONDON

Printed by *Thomas Creede*, for *Thomas*
Pauier, and are to be sold at his shop in *Cornhill*,
at the signe of the *Cat and Parrets* neare
the *Exchange*. 1602. — 2

Collected under a variety of names
by Thomas Corbair, one of the missionaries on board
the ship "Corbair" - arrived 1800. E.C.

Added, in black, the original visitation
of the 4th of 1608. E.C.



The Chronicle Historie of Henry the fift: with his battel fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auncient Pistoll.

*Enter King Henry, Exeter, 2. Bishops, Clarence, and other
Attendants.*

Exeter.

Shall I call in Th'ambassadors my Liege?
King. Not yet my Cousin, till we be resolute
Of some serious matters touching vs and France.

Bi. God and his Angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Shure we thank you. And good my Lord proceed.
Why the Lawe *Saucke* which they haue in France,
Or should or should not, stop vs in our clayme:
And God forbid my wise and learned Lord,
That you should fashion, frame, or wrest the same.
For God doth know how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reuerence shall incite vs too.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our person,
How you awake the sleeping sword of warre:
We charge you in the name of God take heed.
After this coniuration, speake my Lord:
And we will iudge, note, and beleue in heart,
That what you speake, is washt as pure
As sin in baptisme.

A 2

Bi.

The Chronicle Historie

Big. Then heare me gracious soueraigne, and you peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith and seruices
To this imperiall throne.
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to *France*
But one, which they produce from *Faramount*,
No female shall succeed in *Salicke* land,
Which *Salicke* land the French vniuallly gloze
To be the Realme of *France*:
And *Faramount* the founder of this lawe and female barre:
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the land *Salicke* lies in *Germanie*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the first hauing subdued the Saxons,
There left behind, and settled certaine French,
Who holding in disdain the *Germane* women,
For some dishonest maners of their liues,
Establisht there this lawe, To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salicke* land:
Which *Salicke* land, as I said before,
Is at this time in *Germany* called *Mesene*:
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salicke* lawe
Was not deuised for the Realme of *France*,
Nor did the French possesse the *Salicke* land,
Vntill 400. one and twentie yeares
After the function of king *Faramount*,
Godly supposed the founder of this lawe:
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the crowne,
To fine his title with some shewe of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and naught:
Couai'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charls*, the foresaid Duke of *Lorraine*,
So that as cleare as is the sommers Sun,
King *Pippins* title and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction all appeare,
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salicke* lawe,
To

of Henry the first.

To bar your highnesse claiming from the female,
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Then amply to imbrace their crooked causes,
Vsurpt from you and your progenitors. (claimet

embrace

K. May we with right & conscience make this

Bi. The sinne vpon my head dread soueraigne.

For in the booke of Numbers is it writ,
When the sonne dies, let the inheritance
Descend vnto the daughter.

Noble Lord stand for your owne,

Vnwinde your bloodie flagge,

Go my dread Lord to your great graunsirs graue,
From whom you claime:

And your great Vncle *Edward* the blacke Prince,
Who on the French ground playd a Tragedie,

Making defeat on the full power of *France*,

Whilest his most mightie father on a hill,

Stood smiling to behold his Lyons whelp,

* Forraging blood of French Nobilitie.

O noble English that could entertaine

With halfe their Forces the full power of *France*,

And let an other halfe stand laughing by,

All out of worke, and cold for action.

inf. the

King. We must not onely arme vs against the French,
But lay downe our proportion against the Scot,
Who will make rode vpon vs with all aduantages.

Bi. The Marches gracious soueraigne, shalbe sufficient
To guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers.

King. We do not meane the courting sneakers onely,
But feare the maine entendement of the Scot,
For you shall read, neuer my great grandfather
Vnmaskt his power for *France*,

But that the Scot on his vnfurnisht kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tide into a breach,

That *England* being empty of defences,

Hath shooke and trembled at the brute hercof.

Bi. She hath bene then more feared then hurt my Lord:

The Chronicle Historie

For heere her but examplified by her selfe,
When all her chivalry hath bene in *France*,
And she a mourning widow of her Nobles,
She hath her selfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray, the king of *Scott*,
Whom like a caytiffe she did lead to *France*,
Filling your Chronicles as rich with praise,
As is the owle and bottome of the sea
With sunken wracke and shipleffe treasure.

Lord. There is a saying very old and true,
If you will *France* win,
Then with *Scotland* first begin:
For once the Eagle, England being in pray,
To his vnfurnisht nest the weazel *Scot*
Would suck her eggs, playing the mouse in absence of the cat:
To spoyle and hauock more then she can eat.

Exe. It followes then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curst necessitie,
Since we haue traps^{ps} to catch the pettish reeves:
Whilst that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The aduised head controlles at home:

in part. For government though high or lowe, being put into parts,
Congrueth with a mutuall consent like musicke.

Be. True: therefore doth heauen diuide the fate of man
in diuers functions.

Whereto is added as an ayme or but, obedience:
For so liue the honey Bees, creatures that by awe
Ordaine an act of order to a peopeld Kingdome:
They haue a king and officers of sort,
Where some like Magistrates correct at home:
Others like Marchants venture trade abroad:
Others like souldiers armed in their stings,
Make boote vpon the sommers velvet bud:
Which pillage they with metry march bring home
To the tent royall of their Emperour,
Who busied in his maiestie, behold
The singing masons building roofes of gold:

The

of Henry the fifth.

The ciuill citizens lading vp the honey,
The sad eyde Iustice with his surly humme,
Deliuering vp to executors pale, the lazy caning Drone.
This I infer, that 20. actions once a foote,
May all end in one moment.
As many arrowes losed seuerall wayes, flye to one marke:
As many seuerall wayes meet in one Towne:
As many fresh streames run in one selfe sea:
As many lines close in the dyall center:
So may a thousand actions once a foote,
End in one moment, and be all well borne without defect.
Therefore my Liege to *France*,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Of which take you one quarter into *France*,
And you withall, shall make all *Gallia* shake.
If we with thrice that power left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doore from the dogge,
Let vs be beaten, and from henceforth lose
The name of pollicy and hardinelle.

Ki. Call in the messenger sent to the Dolphin,
And by your aide, the noble sinewes of our land,
France being ours, weele bring it to our awe,
Or breake it all in peeces:
Either our Chronicles shall with ful mouth speak
Ffely of our acts,
Or else like toonglesse mutes
Not worshipt with a paper Epitaph:

Enter The Ambassadors from France.

Now are we well prepared to know the Dolphins pleasure,
For we heare your comming is from him.

Ambassa. Pleaseth your Maiestie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or shall I sparingly shewe a faire off,
The Dolphins pleasure and our Embassage?

King. We are no tyrant, but a Christian King,
To whom our spirit is as subiect,
As are our wretches fettered in our prisons.

There-

The Chronicle Historie

Therefore freely and with vncurbed boldnesse
Tell vs the Dolphins minde.

Ambas. Then this in fine the Dolphin saith,
Whereas you claime certaine Townes in *France*,
From your predecessor King *Edward* the third,
This he returnes.

He saith, theres nought in *France* that can be with a nimble
Galliard wonne: you cannot reuel inre Dukedomes there:
Therefore he sendeth meeter for your study,
This tunne of treasure: and in lieu of this,
Desires to let the Dukedomes that you craue,
Heare no more from you: This the Dolphin saith.

King. What treasure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles my Liege.

King. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with vs,
Your message and his present we accept:
When we haue matched our rackets to these balles,
inf. him We will by Gods grace play such a set,
Shall strike his fathers crowne into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler,
That all the Courts of *France* shall be disturb'd with chases;
And we vnderstand him well, how he comes ore vs
With our wilder dayes, not measuring what vse we made
of them.

We neuer valued this poore seate of England,
And therefore gaue our selues to barbarous licence:
As tis common seene, that men are merriest when they are
from home.

But tell the Dolphin we will keepe our state,
Bee like a King, mightie and commaund,

inf. the When we do rowse vs in throne of *France*:

For this haue we laid by our Maiestie:

And plodded like a man for working dayes.

But we will rise there, so full of glory,

That we will dazzell all the eyes of *France*,

I strike the Dolphin blinde to looke on vs.

And tell him this, his mock hath turn'd his balles to gun

(stones)

And

of Henry the first.

And his soule shall sit sore charged for the wastfull ven-
(geance

That shall flye from them. For this his mocke
Shall mocke many a wife out of their deare husbands.
Mocke mothers from their sonnes, mocke Castles downe,
I some are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That shall haue cause to curse the Dolphins scorne.
But this lyes all within the will of God, to whom we do ap-
(peale,

And in whose name tell you the Dolphin we are coming on
To venge vs as we may, and to put forth our hand
In a rightfull cause: so get you hence, and tell your Prince, *right cause*
His lest will saue but of shallow wit,
When thousands weepe, more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with safe conduct: see them hence.

Exe. This was a merrie message.

King. We hope to make the sender blush at it:
Therefore let our collectiō for the wars be soone provided:
For God before, wele check the Dolphin at his fathers
(doore.

Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire action may on foote be brought.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Nim and Bardolfe.

Bar. God morrow Corporall Nim.

Nim. Godmorrow Lieftenant Bardolfe.

Bar. What is Ancient Pistol and thee friends yet?

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may:
I dare not fight, but I will winke and hold out mine Iron:
It is a simple one, but what tho; it will serue to tosse cheese, *See*
And it will endure cold as an other mans sword will,
And theres the humor of it.

Bar. Yfaith mistresse *Quickly* did thee great wrong,
For thou weare troath plight to her.

Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tyred mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say kniues haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throtes about them

B

At

The Chronicle Historie

At that time, and there is the hum^{or} of it.

Bar. Come yfaith, Ile bestowe a breakfast to make *Pistoll* and thee friends. What a plague should we carrie knives to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Yfaith Ile liue as long as I may, thats the certain^e of it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may, And theres ~~the~~ rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly, his wife.

Bar. Godmorrow *Ancient Pistoll*, I prithe *Nim* be quiet. Here comes *Ancient Pistoll*, I prithe *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my Hoste?

Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me Hoste? Now by gads lugges, I sweare, I scorne the tytyle, Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troath not I, For we can not bed nor boord half a score honest gentlewo-
That liue honestly by the prick of their needle, (men
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord heres Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We haue wilful adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shewe the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword.

Nim. Push.

Pist. What dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland?

Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus egregious dog, that solus in thy throte,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy messfull mouth, I do retort that solus in thy
Bowels, and in thy law, perdie: for I can talke,
And *Pistolls* flashing fire cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me:
I haue an humour *Pistoll* to knock you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*, Ile scoure you with my
Rapier in faire termes. If you will walke off a litle,
Ile prick your guts a litle in good termes:
And theres the humour of it.

Pist. O braggard vile, and damned furious wight,

The

of Henry the first.

The graue doth gape, and groaning
Death is neare, therefore exall.

They drawe.

Bar. Heare me, he that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him as I am a souldier.

Pist. An oath of mick'e might, and furie shall abate.

Nim. Ile cut your throat at one time or an other in faire
And theres the humor of it. (termes,

Pist. Couple gorge is the word, I thee defie agen:
A damned hound, thinkst thou my spowse to get?
No, to the powdering tub of infamy,
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cresides kinde,
Doll Tear-sheet, she by name, and her espowse
I haue, and I will hold, the quandom quickly,
For the onely she and Paco, there it is inough.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Hostes you must come straight to my maister,
And you Host *Pistoll*. Good *Bardolfe*
Put thy nose betweene the sheets, and do the office of a
warming pan. *warmingly*

Host. By my troath heele yeeld the crow a pudding one
of these dayes,

Ile go to him, husband youle come?

Bar. Come *Pistoll* be friends.

Nim prihee be friends, and if thou wilt not,
Be enemies with me too.

Ni. I shal haue my eight shillings I woon of you at beating? *Beating*

Pist. Base is the slaue that payes.

Nim. That now I will haue, and theres the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound.

They draw.

Bar. He that strikes the first blow,
Ile kill him by this sword,

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oathes must haue their course.

Nim. I shal haue my eight shillings I wonne of you at
beating?

Pist. A nob'e shalt thou haue, and readie pay,
And liquor likewise wil I giue to thee,

The Chronicle Historie

And friendship shall combine and brotherhoods

Ile live by *Nim*, as *Nim* shall live by me:

Is not this iust? for I shall ~~Butler~~ be

Vnto the Campe, and profit will occrue.

Nim. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most truly paid.

Nim. Why theres the humor of it.

Enter Hostes.

Hostes. As ever you came of men come in,

Sir *Iohn* poore soule is so troubled

With a burning tashan contagious feuer, tis wonderfull.

Pist. Let vs condole the knight: for lamkins we will live.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Exeter and Gloster.

Glost. Before God my Lord, his Grace is too bold to trust
these traytors.

Exe. They shalbe apprehended by and by.

Glost. I but the man that was his bedfellow,

Whom he hath cloyed and graced with princely fauours

That he should for a forraigne purse, to sell

His Soveraignes life to death and trecherie.

Exe. O the Lord of *Malham*.

Enter the King and three Lords.

King. Now sirs the windes faire, and we will aboard,

My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my Lord of *Malham*,

And you my gentle knight, giue me your thoughts,

Do you not thinke the power we beare with vs,

Will make vs conquerors in the field of *France*?

Malha. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his best.

Cam. Neuer was Monarch better feared and loued, then
is your Maiestie.

Gray. Euen those that were your fathers enemies

Have steeped their gallees in honey for your sake.

King. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hands:

Sooner then reward and merit,

According to their cause and worthinesse.

Malha.

Of Henry the fift.

Mashe. So seruice shall with steeled sinewes shine,
And labour shall refresh it selfe with hope
To do your grace incessant seruice.

King. Vncle of *Exeter*, enlarge the man
Committed yesterday, that rayled against our person,
We consider it was the heate of wine that set him on,
And on his more aduice we pardon him.

Mashe. That is mercie, but too much securitie:
Let him be punisht Soueraigne, least the example of him,
Breed more of such a kinde.

King. O let vs yet be mercifull.

Cam. So may your highnesse, and punish too.

Gray. You shewe great mercie if you giue him life,
After the taste of his correction.

King. Alas your too much care and loue of me,
Are heauie orisons gainst the poore wretch,
If litle faults proceeding on distemper should not bee win-
ked at,

How should we stretch our eye, when capitall crimes,
Chewed, swallowed and digested, appeared before vs?
Well yet enlarge the man, who *Cambridge* and the rest,
In their deare loues, and tender preservation of our state,
Would haue him punisht.

Now to our French causes.

Who are the late Commissioners?

Cam. Me one my Lord, your highnesse bad me aske for
it to day.

Mashe. So did you me my Soueraigne.

Gray. And me my Lord.

King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge* there is yours,
There is yours my Lord of *Masheam*.
And sir *Thomas Gray* knight of *Northumberland*, this same
is yours.

Read them, and know we know your worthinesse.

Vncle *Exeter*, I will aboard to night.

Why how now Gentlemen, why change you colour?

What see you in those papers

The Chronicle Historie

That hath so chased your blood out of apparance?

Cam. I do confesse my fault, and do submit me
To your highnesse mercie.

Mas. To which we all appeale.

King. The mercie which was quit in vs but late,
By your owne reasons is forestald and done:
You must not dare for shame to a ke for mercie,
For your owne conscience turne vpon your bosomes,
As dogs vpon their maisters, worrying them.
See you my Princes, and my noble Peeres,
These English monsters:

My Lord of *Cambridge* here,

You know how apt we were to grace him,

In all things belonging to his honour:

And this vile man hath for a few light crownes,

Lightly conspired, & sworne vnto the practises of

To kil vs here in *Hampton*. To the which, (*France*:

This knight no lesse in bountie bound to vs

Then *Cambridge* is, hath likewise sworne.

But oh what shall I say to thee false man,

Thou cruell ingratefull and inhumane creature,

Thou that didst beare the key of all my counsell,

That knewst the very secrets of my heart,

That almost mightest haue coyned me into gold,

Wouldest thou a practise on me for thy vse:

Can it be possible that out of thee

Should proceed one sparke that might annoy my finger?

It is so strange, that tho the truth doth shoue as grosse

As black from white, mine eye will scarcely see it.

Their fautes are open, arrest them to the answer of the law,

And God acquit them of their practises.

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Henry*, Lord of *Massey*.

I arrest thee of high treason,

By the name of *Thomas Gray*, knight of *Northumberland*.

Mas.

of Henry the first.

Maske. Our purposes God iustly hath discovered,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beseech your maiestie forgive,
Altho my body pay the price of it.

King. God quit you in his mercie. Heare your sentence.
You haue conspired against our royall person,
Ioyned with an enemy proclaimed and fixed.
And from his coffers receiued the golden earnest of our death,
Touching our person we seeke no redresse.
But we our kingdomes safetie must so tender,
Whose ruine you haue sought,
That to our lawes we do deliuer you: (death,
Get ye therefore hence; poore miserable creatures to your *state*
The taste whereof, God in his mercie giue you (amisse)
Patience to endure, and true repentance of all your deeds
Beare them hence.

Exit three Lords.

Now Lords to *France*. The enterprise whereof,
Shall be to you as vs, successiuelly.
Since God cut off this dangerous treason lurking in our way,
Chearly to sea, the signes of warre aduance,
No King of *England*, if not King of *France*.

Exit omnes

Enter Nim, Pistoll, Bardolfe, Hostes, and a Boy.

Host. I prithee sweet^eheart, let me bring thee so farre as
Staines.

Pist. No fur, no fur.

Bar. Well sir *John* is gone. God be with him.

Host. I, he is in *Arthors* bosom, if euer any werer
He went away as if it were a chyl^d lomb^d childe,
Betweene twelue and one,
Iust at turning of the Tyde:
His nose was as sharpe as a pen:
For when I sawe him fumble with the sheet^e,
And talk of flowers, & smile v^p his fingers end^e,
I knew there was no way but one.

How

The Chronicle Historie

How now sir *John*, quoth I?

And he cryed three times, God, God, God;

Now I to comfort him, bad him not think of God,
I hope there was no such need.

Then he bad me put more cloathes at his feet^e:

And I felt to them, and they were as cold as any stone,

And to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone:

And so vpward, and vpward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cryed out on Sacke.

Host. I that he did.

Boy. And of women.

Host. No that he did not.

Boy. Yes that he did: and he sed they were diuels incarnate.

Host. Indeed carnation was a colour he neuer loued.

Nim. Well he did cry out on women.

Host. Indeed he did in some sort handle women,
But then hee was rumaticke, and talkt of the whore of

(Babylon.

Boy. Hostes do you remember he sawe a Flea stand
Vpon *Bardolfes* nose, and sed it was a blacke soule
Burning in hell fire?

Bar. Well, God be with him,
That was all the wealth I got in his seruice.

Nim. Shall we shog off?

The King will be gone from *Southampton*.

Pist. Cleare vp thy christalles,
Looke to my chattels and my moueables.
Trust none; the world is pitch and pay:
Mens words are waser cakes.

And holdfast is the onely dog my deare.
Therefore cophetua be thy counsellor,
Touch her soft lips and part.

Bar. Farewell hostes.

Nim. I cannot kisse: and theres the humor of it.
But adieu.

Pist. Keepe fast thy buggle boe.

Exit omnes.

Enter

of Henry the fift.

*Enter King of France, Bourbon, Dolphin,
and others.*

King. Now you Lords of Orleance,
Of Bourbon, and of Berry,
You see the King of England is not slack,
For he is footed on this land alreadie.

Dolphin. My gracious Lord, tis meet we all goe
And arme vs against the foe; (forth
And view the weak and sickly parts of France:
But let vs do it with no shewe of feare,
No with no more, then if we heard
England were busied with a Moris dance.
For my good Lord, she is so idely Kingd,
Her scepter so phantastically borne,
So guided by a shallow humorous youth,
That feare attends her not.

were doubled

Con. O peace Prince *Dolphin*, you deceiue your *selfe*,
Question your grace the late Embassador, *selfe*,
With what regard he heard his Embassage,
How well supplied with aged Counsellours,
And how his resolution answered him,
You then would say, that *Harry* was not wilde.

King. Well thinke we *Harry* strong:
And strongly arme vs to preuent the foe.

Con. My Lord here is an Embassador
From the King of England.

King. Bid him come in.
You see this chafe is hotly followed Lords. *(thens*

Del. My gracious father, cut vp this English *shoe*,
Selfeloue my Liege is not so vile a thing,
As selfe neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our brother England

C

Exe.

7
The Chronicle Historie

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maiestie:
He wils you in the name of God Almighty,
That you deuelt your selfe and lay apart
That borrowed tytle, which by gift of heauen,
Of lawe of nature, and of nations, longs
To him and to his heires, namely the crowne,
And all wide stretched titles that belongs
Vnto the Crowne of *France*, that you may know
Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claime,
Pickt from the wormeholes of old vanisht dayes,
Nor from the dust of old obliuion racke,
He sends you these most memorable lines,
In euery braunch truly demonstrated:
Willing you ouerlook this pedigree,
And when you finde him euently deriued
From his most famed and famous ancestors,
Edward the third, he bids you then resigne
Your crowne and kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the native and true challenger.

King. If not, what followes?

Exe. Bloudy cōstraint; for if you hide the crown
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he comming,
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a *Joue*,
That if requiring faile, he will compell it:
And on your heads turnes he the widowes teare,
The Orphanes cries, the dead mens boans,
The pining maidens grones.
For husbands, fathers, and distressed louers,
Which shall be swallowed in this controuersie.
This is the claime, his threatening, and my message,
Vnlesse the *Dolphin* be in presence here,
To whom expressly we bring greeting too.

Dol. For the *Dolphin*? I stand here for him,
What to heare from *England*,

Exe.

of Henry the fift.

Exe. Scorn & defiance, slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mightie sender, doth he prise you at :
Thus saith my king. Vnles your fathers highnesse
Sweeten the bitter mocke you sent his Maiestie,
Heele call you to so lowd an answer for it,
That caues and womblly vaults of *France*
Shall chide your trespasse, & returne your mocke,
In second accent of his ordenance.

Dol. Say that my father tender faire reply,
It is against my will :
For I desire nothing so much,
As oddes with *England*.

And for that cause, according to his youth,
I did present him with those *Paris* balles.

Exe. Heele make your *Paris* Louer shake for it,
Were it the mistresse Court of mightie *Europe*.
And be assured, youle finde a difference,
As we his subiects haue in wonder found :
Betweene his younger dayes, and these he musters now,
Now he wayes time euen to the latest graine,
Which you shall finde in your owne losses
If we stay in *France*.

King. Well for vs, you shall returne our answer backe
To our brother *England*.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Pistoll, Boy.

Nim. Before God here is hot seruice.

Pist. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vassals drop and die.

Nim. Tis honour, and theres the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in *London* :

Ide giue all my honor for a pot of Ale.

Pist. And I, if wishes would preuaile,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

The Chronicle Historie

Enter Flewellen, and beates them in.

Flew. Gods plud vp to the breaches you rascals,
Will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage sweet knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them:
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their gloues, and their
Handkerchers, they will steale any thing.

halfe pence

Bardolfe stole a Lute case, caried it three mile,
And sold it for three hapence.

Nim stole a fier shouell:

I knew by that, they meant to carrie coales:

Well, if they will not leaue me,

I meane to leaue them.

Exe Nim, Bard, Pist, ^{olfe} and ^{oll} the Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Captaine Flewellen, you must come strait
To the Mines, to the Duke of Gloster.

9 of the

Flew. Looke you, tell the Duke it is not so good
To come to the mines: the conuaueties is otherwise.
You may discusse to the Duke, the enemy is dig'd
Himselfe five yarges vnder the countermines:
By Iesus I thinke heele blowe vp all,
If there be no better direction.

Enter the King and his Lords alarm.

King. How yet resolues the Governour of the Towne?
This is the latest parley weele admit:
Therefore to our best mercie giue your selues,
Or like to men proud of destruction, desie vs to our worst,
For as I am a souldier, a name that in my thoughts
Becomes me best, if we begin the battery once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe archieued Harflew,
Till in her ashes she be buried,

The

Of Henry the fift.

The gates of mercie are all shut vp.
What say you, will you yeeld and this auoyd,
Or guiltie, in defence be thus destroyd?

Enter Gouernour.

Goner. Our expectation hath this day an end,
The Dolphin whom of succour we entreated,
Returns vs word, his powers are not yet ready,
To raise so great a siege: therefore dread King,
We yeeld our Towne and liues to thy soft mercie:
Enter our gates, dispose of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defensiu now.

Enter Katherine, Alice.

Kate. *Alice* venecia, vous aues cates en,
Vou parte fort bon Angloys englatara,
Comen sae palla vou la main en francoy.

Alice. La main madam de han.

Kate. E da bras.

Alice. De arma madam.

Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma.

Alice. Owye madam.

Kate. E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll,

Alice. De neck, e de cin, madam.

Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e decode.

Alice. De cudie ma foy le oblye, mais le remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo madam.

Kate. Ecowte le rehearsera, towte cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, da cin, e de bilbo.

Alice. De elbo madam.

Kate. O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute le recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.

Alice. Ma foy madam, vow parla au se bon Angloys
Asic vous aues etrue en Englatara.

Kate. Par la grace de deu an perue ranes, le parle millieur
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.

Alice. Le foot, e le con.

The Chronicle Historie

Kate. Le fot, e le con, ô Iesu! Ie ne vew point parle,
Sie plus deuant le che cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.

Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.

Kate. O et ill ausie, etowte Alice, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.

Alice. Cet fort bon madam.

Kate. Aloues a dîner.

Exit omnes.

*Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the Dolphin,
and Barbon.*

King. Tis certaine he is past the River Some.

Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few e spranes of vs,
The emptying of our fathers luxerie,
Outgrow their grafters?

Bar. Normanes, basterd Normanes, mor du
And if they passe vnfought withall,
Ile sell my Dukedome for a foggy farme
In that short nooke Ile of England.

Const. Why whence haue they this mettall?
Is not their clymate rawe, foggy and colde,
On whom as in disdaine, the Sunne looks pale?
Can barley broath, a drench for swolne lades,
Their sodden water decockt such lively blood?
And shall our quick blood spirited with wine
Seeme frostie? O for honour of our names,
Let vs not hang like frozen Ices pickles
Vpon our houses tops, while they a more frosty clymate
Sweate drops of youthfull blood.

King. Constable dispatch, send *Mentier* forth,
To know what willing ranfome he will giue?

Dol. Not so, I beseech your Maiestie.

King. Well, I say it shalbe so.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter

of Henry the first.

Enter Gower.

and Flewellen.

Go. How now Captain Flewellen, come you from the bridge?

Flew. By Iesus theres excellent service committed at the bridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

(bridge)

Flew. The Duke of Exeter is a man whom I loue, & I honor,
And I worship, with my soule, and my heart, and my life,
And my lands and my linings,
And my vttermost powers.

The Duke is looke you,

God be praised and pleased for it, no harme in the worrell.

He is maintain the bridge verie gallantly: there is an Ensigne
there, I do not know how you call him, but by Iesus I think
he is as valiant a man as Marke Anthonie, he doth maintain
the bridge most gallantly: yet he is a man of no reckoning:
But I did see him do gallant service.

To the
care.

Gow. How do you call him?

Flew. His name is Ancient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Ancient Pistol.

Flew. Do you not know him, here comes the man?

Pist. Capitaine, I thee beseech to do me fauour,

The Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.

Flew. I, and I praise God I haue merited some loue at
his hands.

Pist. Bardolfe a souldier, one of buxsome valour,
Hath by furious fate

And giddy Fortunes fickle wheele,

That Godes blinde that stands vpon the rowling restlesse
stone.

Gods

Flew. By your patience Ancient Pistol,
Fortune, looke you is painted,
Plinde with a musler before her eyes,
To signifie to you, that Fortune is blind:
And she is moreouer painted with a wheele;

Which

The Chronicle Historie

Which is the morall that Fortune is turning,
And inconstant, and variation; and mutabilities:
And her fate is fixed at a sphericall stone,
Which rowles, and rowles, and rowles:
Surely the Poet is make an excellent descriptiō of Fortune.
Fortune looke you is an excellent morall.

hangd
D *Pist.* Fortune is *Bardolfes* foe, and frownes on him,
For he hath stolne a packs, and hangd must he be:
A damned death, let gallows gape for dogs,
Let man goe free, and let not death his windpipe stop.
But *Exeter* hath given the doome of death,
For packs of pettie price:

Therefore go speake, the Duke will heare thy voyce,
And let not *Bardolfes* vitall threed be cut,
With edge of penny cord, and vile approach.
Speake Captaine for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flew. Captaine *Pistoll*, I partly vnderstand your meaning.

Pist. Why then reioyce therefore.

Flew. Certainly Ancient *Pistoll*, is not a thing to reioyce at,
For if he were my owne brother, I would with the Duke
To do his pleasure, and put him to executions: for look you,
Disciplines ought to be kept, they ought to be kept.

and a fig for *Pist.* Die and be damned, and figa for thy friendship.

Flew. That is good.

Pist. The figge of Spaine within thy lawe.

Flew. That is very well.

Pist. I say the fig within thy bowels and thy durtie maw.

Exit Pistoll.

Flew. Captain *Gower*, cannot you heare it lighten & thunders?

Gow. Why is this the Ancient you told me of? *(derr)*

I remember him now, he is a bawd, a curpurse.

Flew. By Iesus hee is ytter as prauce words vpo the bridge,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day, but its all one,
What he hath sed to me, looke you, is all one.

Go. Why this is a gull, a foole, a rogue that goes to the wars
Onely

of Henry the first.

Onely to grace himselfe at his returne to London;
And such fellowes as he,
Are perfect in great Commanders names.
They will learne by rote where seruices were done,
At such and such a sconce, at such a breach,
As such a conuoy: who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they can perfectly in phrased of warre,
Which they trick vp with new tuned oaths: & what a beard
Of the Generalls cut, and a horrid shout of the Campe:
Will do among the foming bottles and ale-washt wits,
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slaunders of this age,
Or else you may maruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certain captain *Gower*, it is not the man, looke you,
That I did take him to be: but when time shall serue,
I shall tell him a litle of my desires: here comes his Maiestie.

Enter King, Clarence, Glouster, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I, and it shall please your Maiestie,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiestie,
The partition of the aduersarie hath bene great,
Very reasonably great: but for our owne parts, like you now, *carel.*
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiestie
Know the man, his face is full of welkes and knubs,
And pumple, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a cole, sometimes red, sometimes blew:
But God be praised, now his nose is executed, & his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And we here giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages but paid for,
None of the French abused,

D

Or

The Chronicle Historie

Orabraid with disdainfull language:
For when crueltie & lenitie play for a kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter French Herald.

Hera. You know me by my habit.

Ks. Well then, we know thee, what should we know of thee?

Hera. My maisters minde.

(thee?)

King. Vnfold it.

Hera. Go thee vnto *Harry* of *England*, and tell him,
Aduantage is a better souldier then rashnesse:
Altho we did seeme dead, we did but slumber.
Now we speake vpon our kye, and our voyce is imperiall,
England shall repent our folly; see her rashnesse,
And admire our sufferance. Which to ransome,
His pettinesse would bow vnder:
For the effusion of our blood, his army is too weake:
For the disgrace we haue borne, himselfe
Kneeling at our feet, a weake and worthlesse satisfaction.
To this, adde defiance. So much from the king my maister.

King. What is thy name? we know thy qualitie.

Herald. *Montjoy.*

King. Thou dost thy office faire; returne thee backe,
And tell the king, I do not seeke him now:
But could be well content, without impeach,
To march on to *Calis*: for to say the sooth,
Though tis no wisdom to confesse so much
Vnto an enemy of craft and vantage:
My souldiers are with sicknesse much infeebled,
My Army lessened, and those fewe I haue,
Almost no better then so many French:
Who when they were in *hart*, I tell thee *Herauld*,
I thought vpon one paire of English legges,
Did march three French mens.

Yet forgive me God, that I do brag thus:

God for
you are

This your heire of *France* hath blowne this vice in me.

I must

of Henry the first.

I must repent, go tell thy maister here I am,
My ransom is this fraile and worthlesse body,
My Army but a weake and sickly garde.
Yet God before, we will come on,
If *France* and such an other neighbour stood in our way?
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindered,
We shal your tawny ground with your red blood discolour.
So *Montjoy* get you gone, there is for your paines:
The sum of all your answer is but this,
We would not seeke a battaille as we are:
Nor as we are, we say we shall not shun it.

Her. I shall deliuer so, thanks to your Maiestie.

Glo. My Liege, I hope they will not come vpon vs now?

King. We are in Gods hand brother, not in theirs.
To night we will encampe beyond the bridge,
And on to morrow bid them match away.

Enter Burben, Constable, Orleans, Gorb.

Con. Tut I haue the best armour in the world.

Orle. You haue an excellent armour,
But let my horse haue his due.

Bur. Now you talke of a horse, I haue a steed like the
Palfrey of the sun, nothing but pure ayre and fire,
And hath none of this dull element of earth within him.

Orle. He is of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Bur. And of the heate, as the Ginger.
Turne all the sands into eloquent tongues,
And my horse is argument for them all:

I once writ a Sonnet in praise of my horse,
And began thus. *Wonder of nature.*

Con. I haue heard a Sonnet begin so,
In the praise of ones mistresse.

Bur. Why then did they imitate that
Which I writ in praise of my horse,
For my horse is my mistresse.

Con. Ma foy the other day, me thought

The Chronicle Historie

Your mistresse shooke you shrewdly.

Bar. I bearing me. I tell thee Lord Constable,
My mistresse weares her owne haire.

Con. I could make as good a boast of that,
If I had a low to my mistresse.

Bar. Tut thou wilt make vse of any thing.

Con. Yet I do not vse my horse for my mistresse.

Bar. Will it neuer be morning?

Ile ride to morrow a mile,

And my way shalbe paved with English faces.

Con. By my faith so will not I.

For feare I be outfaced of my way.

Bar. Well ile go arme my selfe, hay.

Gebor. The Duke of *Barban* longs for morning.

Or. He longs to eate the English.

Con. I thinke heele eate all the knilles.

Or. O peace, ill will neuer neuer said well.

Con. Ile cap that prouerbe,

With theres flattery in friendship.

Or. O sir, I can answer that,

With giue the diuel his due.

Con. Haue at the eye of that prouerbe,

With a iogge of the diuell.

Or. Well the Duke of *Barban* is simply,

The most actiue Gentleman of *France*.

Con. Doing him a shuldrie, heele still be doing.

Or. He neuer did hurt, as I heard of.

Con. No I warrant you, nor neuer will.

Or. I hold him to be exceeding valians.

Con. I was told so by one that knowes him better the you.

Or. Whose that? *(strengthen you)*

Con. Why he told me so himselfe.

And said he cared not who knew it.

Or. Well, who will go with me to hazard,
For a hundred English prisoners?

Con.

Of Henry the first.

Con. You must go to hazard your selfe,
Before you haue them.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lords, the English lye within a hundred
Paces of your Tent.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mess. The Lord Granpierre.

Con. A valiant man, & an expert Gentleman.
Come, come away,
The Sun is high, and we weare out the day.

Exit omnes.

Enter King disguised, to him Pistol.

Pist. Ke vela?

King. A friend.

Pist. Discus vato me, art thou Gentleman?
Or art thou common, base and popeler?

King. No sir, I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Pist. Trailes thou the puslant pike?

King. Euen so sir. What are you?

Pist. As good a Gentleman as the Emperour.

King. O then thou art better then the king?

Pist. The king's a bago, and a heart of gold.

Pist. A lad of life, an imps of fame:
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kis his durtie shoe, and from my heart strings

I loue the lovely bully. What is thy name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy, a Cornish man?

Art thou of Cornish crew?

King. No sir, I am a Wealch man.

Pist. A wealchman? knowst thou *Fluellen*?

King. I sir, he is my linsman.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

King. I sir.

Pist. Figa for thee then, my name is *Pistol*.

The Chronicle Historie

Kin. It sorts well with your fiercenesse.

Pist. Pistoll is my name.

Exit Pistoll.

Enter Gower and Flewellen.

Gow. Captaine Flewellen.

lowes

Flew. In the name of Ieshu speake lower.

It is the greatest folly in the worrell, when the ancient
Prerogatives of the warres be not kept.

I warrant you, if you looke into the warres of the Romanes,

You shall finde no tittle tattle, nor bable bable there:

But you shall finde the cares, and the feares,

And the ceremonies, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud: you heard him all night.

Flew. Godes sollud, if the enemy be an Ass & a Foole,
And a prating cocke, come, is it meet that we be also a foole,
And a prating cocke, come, in your conscience now?

Gow. He speake lower.

Flew. I beseech you do, good Captaine Gower.

Exit Gower and Flewellen.

Kin. Tho it appeare a litle out of fashion,
Yet there's much care in this.

Enter three Souldiers.

1. *Soul.* Is not that the morning yonder?

2. *Soul.* I we see the beginning,
God knowes whether we shall see the end or no.

3. *Soul.* Well I thinke the king could with himselfe
Vp to the necke in the middle of the Thames,
And so I would he were, at all adventures, and I with him.

Kin. Now masters god morrow, what cheare?

inf. to ear 3. *Soul.* Ifaith small cheare some of vs is like to haue,
Ere this day ende.

Kin. Why feare nothing man, the king is frolike.

2. *Soul.* The may, for he hath no such cause as we.

Kin. Nay say not so, he is a man as we are.

a unto The Violet smells to him as to vs:

Therefore

of Henry the first.

Therefore if he see reasons, he fears as we do.

2. *Soul.* But the king hath a heavy reckoning to make,
If his cause be not good: when all those soules
Whose bodies shall be slaughtered here,
Shall ioyne together at the latter day,
And say I dyed at such a place. Some swearing:
Some their wiues rawly left:
Some leaving their children poore behinde them.
Now if his cause be bad, I think it will be a greivous matter
to him.

King. Why so you may say, if a man send his servant
As Factor into another Countrey,
And he by any meanes miscarry,
You may say the businesse of the maister,
Was the author of his servants misfortune.
Or if a sonne be imployd by his father,
And he fall into any leaud action, you may say the father
Was the author of his sonnes damnation.
But the maister is not to answer for his servants,
The father for his sonne, nor the king for his subjects:
For they purpose not their deaths, whē they craue their ser-
Some there are that haue the gift of premeditated (wices:
Murder on them:
Others the broken scale of Forgery, in beguiling maydens.
Now if these outstrip the lawe,
Yet they cannot escape Gods punishment.
Warte is Gods Beadell. Warte is Gods vengeance:
Every mans seruice is the kings:
But every mans soule is his owne.
Therefore I would haue every souldier examine himselfe,
And wash every moath out of his conscience:
That in so doing, he may be the readier for death,
Or not dying, why the time was well spent,
Wherein such preparation was made.

3. *Soul.* Faith he saies true:

Every

The Chronicle Historie

Euery mans fault on his owne head,
I would not haue the king answer for me,
Yet I intend to fight lustily for him.

carl

King. Well, I heard the king, he would not be ransomed.

2. Sol. I he said so, to make vs fight:

But when our throates be cut, he may be ransomed,
And we neuer the wiser.

King. If I liue to see that, Ile neuer trust his word againe.

E.

2. Sol. May youle pay him then, tis a great displeasure

That an Elder gun can do against a Cannon,

Or a subiect against a Monarke.

Youle nere take his word againe, you are an asse goe.

King. Your reproofe is somewhat too bitter:
Were it not at this time, I could be angry.

2. Sol. Why let it be a quarrell if thou wilt.

King. How shall I know thee?

2. Sol. Here is my gloue, which if euer I see in thy hat,
Ile challenge thee, and strike thee.

King. Here is likewise an other of mine,
And assure thee ile weare it.

2. Sol. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

3. Sol. Be friends you fooles,
We haue French quarrels anow in hand,
We haue no need of English broyles.

King. Tis no treason to cut French crownes,
For to morow the king himselfe wil be a clipper.

Exit the souldiers.

Enter the King, Gloster, Epingam, and

Attendants.

K. O God of heauens Steele my souldiers hearts,
Take from them now the sense of reckoning,
That the ~~angell~~ multitudes which stand before them,
May not appall their courage. *(them)*

O not to day, not to day O God,
Think on the fault my father made,

In

of Henry the fifth.

In compassing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it hath bestowed more contrite teares,
Then from it issued forced drops of blood;
A hundred men haue I in yearly pay,
Which euery day their withered hands hold vp
To heaven to pardon blood,
And I haue built two Chanceries, more will I do:
Tho all that I can do, is all too little.

Enter Gloster.

Glost. My Lord.

King. My brother *Gloster*'s voyce.

Glost. My Lord, the Army staies vpon your presence.

King. Stay *Gloster* stay, and I will goe with thee,
The day, my friends, and all things staies for mee.

Enter Clarence, Gloster, Exeter, and Salisbury.

War. My Lords, the French are very strong.

Exe. There is fine to one, and yet they all are fresh.

War. Of fighting men they haue full fortie thousand.

Sal. The oddes is all too great. Farewell kind Lords:

Brave *Clarence*, and my Lord of *Gloster*,
My Lord of *Warwicke*, and to all farewell.

Cl. Farewell kind Lord, fight valiantly to day,
And yet in truth I do thee wrong,
For thou art made on the true sparkes of honour.

Enter the King.

War. O would we had but ten thousand men
Now at this instant, that doth not worke in England.

King. Whose that, that wishes so, my cousin *Warwicke*?
Gods will, I would not loose the honour
One man would share from me,
Not for my kingdome.

The Chronicle Historie

No faith my cousin, with not one man more,
Rather proclaime it presently through our campe,
That he that hath no stomacke to this feast,
Let him depart, his passport shall be drawne,
And crownes for conuey put into his purse,
We would not die in that mans company,
That feares his fellowship to die with vs.
This day is called the day of *Crispin*,
He that outliues this day, and seevold age,
Shall stand a tiptoe when this day is named,
And rowse him at the name of *Crispin*.
He that outliues this day, and comes safe home,
Shall yearly on the vygill feast his friends,
And say, to morrow is *S. Crispin* day:
Then shall we in their flowing bowles
Be newly remembered: *Harry the King*,
Bedford and Exeter, Clarence and Gloster,
Warwicke and Yorke,
Familiar in theyr mouthes as household words.
This story shall the good man tell his sonne,
And from this day, vnto the generall doome:
But we in it shall be remembered.
We fewe, we happy fewe, we band of brothers,
For he to day that sheds his blood by mine,
Shalbe my brother: be he nere so base,
This day shall gentle his condition.
Then shall he strip his sleeves, and shew his scars,
And say, these wounds I had on *Crispin* day:
And Gentlemen in England now a bed,
Shall thinke themselves accurst, / *They were not there*,
And hold their manhood cheape,
While any speake that fought with vs
Vpon Saint *Crispin* day.
Gloster. My gracious Lord,
The French is in the field.

King.

east.
when speake

the first

King. Why all things are ready, if our minds be so.

War. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

King. Thou dost not wish more help from England cousin?

War. Gods will my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, might fight this battle out.

Why well said. That doth please me better

Then to wish me one. You know your charge.

God be with you all.

Enter the Herald from the French

Her. Once more I come to know of thee **King.** *What?*

What thou wilt give for ransome.

King. Who hath sent thee now?

Her. The Constable of France.

King. I prethy beare my former answer backe.

Bid them atchieue me, and then sell my bones.

Good God, why should they mock good fellows?

The man that once did sell the Lions skin (thus)

While the beast lived, was kild with hunting him.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt

Finde graues within your realme of France.

Tho buried in your dunghils, we shall be famet:

For there the Sun shall greet them

And draw vp their bones reeking unto heauen.

Leauing their earthly parts to choke your clyme:

The smell wherof, shall breed a plague in France.

Marke then abundant valour in our English.

That being dead like to the full of sin,

Breakes forth into a second course of mischief.

Killing in reuenge of men already dead.

Let me speake proudly.

There's not a peece of feather in our Camp.

Good argument I hope we shall not flie.

And time hath worne vs into flower.

But by the mass, our hearts will be as true.

And my poore souldiers will be as true.

And many

The Chronicle Historie

Thayle be in fresher robes, or they will plucke
The gay new cloathes ore your French souldiers cares,
And turne them out of service. If they do this,
As if it please God they shall.
Then shall our ransom be beleuied.
Sauc thou thy labour Herauld:
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle Herauld.
They shall haue nought I swear, but these my bones:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue in them,
Will yeeld them little, tell the Constable.
Her. I shall deliuer so.

Exit Herauld.

Turke. My gracious Lord, vpon my knee I craue,
The leading of the vaward.
Kim. Take it brane *Turke.* Come souldiers lets away:
And as thou pleasest God, dispose the day.

Exit.

Enter the foure French Lords.

Ge. O diabello,
Con. Morte ma vie.
Or. O what a day is this?
Bar. O leue dei house, all is gone, all is lost.
Con. We are inough yet liuing in the field,
To smother vp the English,
If any order might be thought vpon.
Bar. A plague of order, once more to the field.
And he that will not follow *Bar.* as now,
Let him goe home, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base Leno hold the chamber doore,
Why leaft by a slave no gentler then my dogs,
His fairest daughter is contumace.
Con. Disorder that hath spoyld varight y now,
Come we in heapes, we will offer vpon lines
Vnto these English, or else die with fame.

Come.

Of Henry the fifth.

Come, come along,
Let's dye with honour, our shame doth last too long.

Exit omnes.

Enter Pistol, the French man, and the Boy.

Pist. Eyld cur, eyld cur.

French. O Monsieur, ie vous en priez mes petite de moy.

Pist. Moy shall not serue. I will haue some moyes.

Boy aske him his name.

Boy. Comenz etiez vous apelles?

French. Monsieur Fer.

Boy. He saies his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Ile Fer him, and ferie him, and ferke him:

Boy discus the same in French.

Boy. Sir I do not know what French

For fer, ferie and ferke.

Pist. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

Boy. Feate, vous preat, il voules couplee votre gorge.

Pist. Ony e may soy couple la gorge.

Vnlesse thou giue to me egregious ranfome, dye.

One point of a Fan.

French. Qui dit ill monfiere.

Ill dirye si you ny vouldy pa demy luy.

Boy. La gran ranfome, ill voutueres.

French. Olce vous en pri petit gentelhomme, parle

A cec, gran capitaine, pour auezmercie

A moy, ey lee doneces pour mon ranfome

Cinquante ocins. Je saies un gentelhomme de France.

Pist. What sayes he boy?

Boy. Marry sir he sayes, he is a Gentleman of a great

House, of France and for his ranfome,

He will giue you 500. crownes.

Pist. My fury shall abate,

And I the crownes will rake.

And as I suck blood, I will some mercy shewe.

The Chronicle History

Follow me Cur.

Exit omnes.

Enter the King with his Nobles, and Pistol.

King. What the French retire?

~~Y~~ *et* all is not done, yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of Yorke commends him to your grace.

King. Lives he good yacke, twise I saw him downe,
Twise vp againe:

From helmet to the spurre, all bleeding ore.

Exe. In which aray, braue souldiers doth he lye,

Larding the plaines, and by his bloody side,

Yoake fellow to his honor dying wounds;

The noble Earle of *Suffolke* lies:

all wounds *Suffolke* first dyde, and *Yorke* all hasted ore,

Comes to him where in blood he lay slept,

And takes him by the beard, kisses the gaspes

That bloody did yane vpon his face,

And cride aloud, ratry deare cousin *Suffolke*:

My soule shall thine keep company in heauen:

Tarry deare soule a while, then flie to rest:

And in this glorious and well foughten field,

We kept together in our chivaldry.

Vpon these words I came and cheard them vp,

He took me by the hand, said deare my Lord,

Commend my seruice to my soueraigne.

So did he turne, and ouer *Suffolke*'s necke (death,

He threw his wounded arme, and so espoused to death,

With blood he sealed. An argument (of it,

Of neuer ending loue. The pretie & sweet manner of it,

Forst those waters from me, which I would haue (stope,

had But I not so much of man in me,

But all my mother came into my eyes,

And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not: for hearing you,

I must

o. als not done, the French keepes still the

of Henry the 8th.

I must conuert to teates.

Alarm soundes.

What new alarm is this?

Bid euery souldier kill his prisoner.

Pist. Couple gorge.

Exit omnes.

Enter Flewellen, and Captaine Gower.

Flew. Godes plud kil the boyes and the luyge,
Tis the arrants peece of knauery as can be desired,
In the worell now, in your conscience now.

Gow. Tis certaine, there is not a boy left aliue:
And the cowardly rascals that ran from the battell,
Themselues haue done this slaughter:
Beside, they haue carried away and burnt,
All that was in the Kings Tent:

Wherevpon the King caused euery prisoners
Throat to be cut. O he is a worthy King.

Flew. I he was borne at *Monmouth.*
Captaine Gower, what call you the place where
Alexander the big was borne?

Gow. *Alexander* the great?

Flew. Why I pray, is nat big, great?
As if I say, big or great, or magnanimous,
I hope it is all one reckoning,
Saue the frase is a little variation.

Gow. I thinke *Alexander* the great
Was borne at *Macedon*,

His father was called *Philip* of *Macedon*,
As I take it.

Flew. I thinke it was *Macedon* indeed where *Alexander*
Was borne: looke you Captaine Gower,
And if you looke into the maps of the worell well,
You shall finde little difference betweene
Macedon and *Monmouth*. Looke you, there is
A Riuer in *Macedon*, and there is also a Riuer

In

The Chronicle Historie

In *Monmouth*, the *Rivers* name at *Monmouth*,
Is called *Wye*.

But tis out of my braine, what is the name of the other:
But tis all one, tis so like, as my fingers is to my fingers,
And there is *Samons* in both.

F

Looke you *Captaine Gower*, and you marke it,
You shall finde our king is come after *Alexander*,
God knowes, and you know, that *Alexander* in his
Bowles, and his allies, and his wrath, and his displeasures,
And indignations, was kill his friend *Cleus*.

Gow. I but our king is not like him in that,
For he neuer killd any of his friends.

Flew. Looke you, tis not well done to take the tale out
Of a mans mouth, ere it is made an end and finished:
I speake in the comparisons, as *Alexander* is kill
His friend *Cleus*: so our king being in his ripe
Wits and iudgements, is turne away, the fat knite
With the great belly doublet: I am forget his name.

Gow. Sir *John Falstaffe*.

Flew. I, I thinke it is Sir *John Falstaffe* indeed,
I can tell you, there's good men borne at *Monmouth*.

Enter the King and Lords.

King. I was not angry since I came into *France*,
Vntill this houre.

Take a Trumpet Herald,
And ride vnto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with vs bid them come downe,
Or leaue the field, they do offend our fight:
Will they do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skir away, as fast
As stones enforst from the old *Assirian* slings.
Besides, weele cut the throats of those we haue,
And not one aline shall taste our mercy.

Enter the Herald.

Gods will what meanes this? Knowst thou not

That

of Henry the first.

That we haue fined these bones of ours for ransome?

Her. I come great king for charitable fauour,
To sort our Nobles from our common men,
We may haue leaue to bury all our dead,
Which in the field lye spoyled and troden on.

King. I tell thee truly Herald, I do not know whether
The day be ours or no:

For yet many of your French do keep the field.

Her. The day is yours.

King. Praised be God therefore.

What Castle call you that?

Her. We call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*:
Fought on the day of *Cryspin*, *Cryspin*.

Flew. Your grandfather of famous memorie,
If your grace be remembered,
Is do good seruice in *France*.

King. Tis true *Flewellen*.

Flew. Your Maiestie sayes very true.
And it please your Maiestie,
The Wealchmen there was do good seruice,
In a garden where Leekes did grow.
And I thinke your Maiestie wil not scorne,
To weare a Lecke in your cap vpon *S. Damys* day.

King. No *Flewellen*, for I am wealch as wel as you.

Flew. All the water in *Wye* wil not wash your Wealch
Blood out of you, God keep it, and preserue it,
To his graces will and pleasure.

King. Thankes good country man.

Flew. By Iesus I am your Maiesties country man:
I care not who know it, so long as your Maiestie is an honest

King. God keep me so. Our Herald go with him, (man.
And bring vs the number of the scattred French.

Exit Heraulds.

Call yonder souldier hither.

F

Flew.

The Chronicle Historie

Flew. You fellow come to the king.

Kⁿ. Fellow why doost thou weare that gloue in thy hat?

Soul. And please your maiestie, tis a rascals that swaggard
With me the other day: and he hath one of mine,

the Which if euer I see, I haue sworne to strike him.

caret. So hath he sworne the like to me.

Kⁿ. How think you *Flewellen*, is it lawful he keep his oath?

F^l. And it please your maiesty, tis lawful he keep his vow.
If he be periur'd once, he is as arrant a beggerly knaue,
As treads vpon two blacke shoes.

Kⁿ. His enemy may be a gentleman of worth.

Flew. And if he be as good a gentleman as Lucifer
And Belzebub, and the diuel himselfe,
Tis meet he keepe his vow.

Kⁿ. Well sir, ha keepe your word.
Vnder what Captaine sequest thou?

Soul. Vnder Captaine Gower.

Flew. Captaine Gower is a good Captaine:
And hath good literature in the warres.

King. Go call him hither.

Soul. I will my Lord.

Exit souldier.

caret. *Kⁿ.* Captaine *Flewellen*, when *Alonso* and I was
caret. Downe together, Iooke this gloue off from his helme,
Here *Flewellen*, were it. If any do challenge it,
He is a friend of *Alonso*s,
And an enemy to mee.

that would *Flew.* Your maiestie doth me as great a fauour
As can be desired in the hearts of his subiects.
I would see that man now that should challenge this gloue:
And it please God of his grace, I would but see him,
That is all.

Kⁿ. *Flewellen* knowst thou Captaine Gower?

Flew. Captaine Gower is my friend.
And if it like your maiestie, I know him very well.

King. Go call him hither.

Flew.

of Henry the first.

Flew. I will and it shall please your maiestie.

King. Follow *Flewellen* closely at the heeles,
The gloue he weares, it was the souldiers :
It may be there will be harme betweene them,
For I do know *Flewellen* valiant,
And being toucht, as hot as gunpowder :
And quickly will returne an iniurie.
Go see there be no harme betweene them.

Enter Gower, Flewellen, and the Souldier.

Flew. Captain *Gower*, in the name of Iesu,
Come to his Maiestie, there is more good toward you,
Then you can dreame of.

Flew. Do you heare you sir? do you know this gloue?

Flew. I know the gloue is a gloue.

Soul. Sir I know this, and thus I challenge it,

He strikes him.

Flew. Gode plot and his. Captain *Gower* stand away :
He giue treason his due presently.

Enter the king, Warwicke, Clarence, and Exeter.

King. How now, what is the matter?

Flew. And it shall please your maiestie,
Here is the notablest peece of treason come to light,
As you shall desire to see in a sommers day.
Here is a rascall, beggerly rascall, is strike the gloue,
Which your maiestie tooke out of the helmet of *Alonson*: *inf. in person*
And your maiestie will beare me witnesse, and testimony, *witnesse*
And anouchments, that this is the gloue.

Soul. And it please your Maiestie, that was my gloue.
He that I gaue it too in the night,
Promised me to weare it in his hat :
I promised to strike him if he did.
I met that Gentleman, with my gloue in his hat,
And I thinke I haue bene as good as my word.

Flew. Your Maiestie heares, vnder your Maiesties
Manhood, what a beggerly lowsie knaue it is.

The Chronicle Historie

King. Let me see thy gloue. Looke you,
This is the fellow of it.

It was I indeed you promised to strike.

And thou hast giuen me most bitter words,
How canst thou make vs amends?

Flew. Let his necke answer it,
If there be any Marshals lawe in the worrell.

Soul. My Liege, all offences come from the heart:
Neuer came any from mine to offend your Maiestie.
ing. But You appeared to me as a common man:

Witness the night, your garments, your lowlinesse,
And whatsoeuer you receiued vnder that habit,
I beseech your Maiestie impute it to your owne fault
ing. To And not mine. For your selfe came not like your selfe:
Char. To mee Had you bene as you seemed, I had made no offence.
my gracious Therefore I beseech your grace to pardon me.

King. Vnckle, fill the gloue with crownes,
And giue it to the souldier. Weare it fellow,
As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus, the fellow hath mettall enough
In his belly. Harke you souldier, there is a shilling for you,
And keep your selfe out of brawles & brables, & dissensions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your mony sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good shilling man:
Why should you be squeamish? Your shoes are not so good:
filling It will serue to mend your shoes,

King. What men of sort are taken vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
John Duke of Burbon, and Lord Bouchquall.
Of other Lords and Barrons, Knights and Squiers,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand

French,

Of Henry the fift.

French, that in the field lyes flaine.

Of Nobles bearing banners in the field,
Charles de la Brute, hie Constable of France.

Iaques of Chattillian, Admirall of France.

The Maister of the Crosbowes, *John Duke Alonson*.

Lord *Ranbieres*, hie Maister of France.

The braue sir *Gwigzard*, *Dolphin*. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,

Gran Prie, and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*.

Gerard and *Verton*. *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

King. Here was a royall fellowship of death.
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. *Edward the Duke of Yorke*, the Earle of *Suffalke*,
And of al lother, but fise and twentie.

King. O God thy arme was here,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise.
When without strategem,
And in euen shock of battel, was euer heard
So great, and little losse, on one part and an other.
Take it God, for it is onely thine.

Exe. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come let vs goe on procession through the campe:
Let it be death proclaimed to any man,
To boast hereof, or take the praise from God,
Which is his due.

Flew. Is it lawfull, and it please your Maiestie,
To tell how many is kild?

King. Yes *Flewellen*, but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flew. Yes in my conscience, he did vs great good.

King. Let there be sung, *Nououes* and *te Deum*.
The dead with charitie enterred in clay:
Weele then to *Calice*, and to England then,
Where nere from France, arriude more happier men.

Exit omnes.

Enter Gower, and Flewellen.

F. 3

Gow.

Richard *Lethly*, *Saith* *Garr* *Quiet*:

The Chronicle Historie

Gower. But why do you weare your Lecke to day?
Saint *Damies* day is past?

Flew. There is occasion *Captaine Gower.*
Looke you why, and wherefore,
The other day looke you, *Pistolls*
Which you know is a man of no merite
In the worrell, is come where I was the other day,
And brings bread and fault, and bids me
Eate my Lecke: twas in a place, looke you,
Where I would moue no discentions:
But if I can see him, I shall tell him,
A little of my desires.

he *Gow.* Here-a comes, swelling like a Turkecocke.

Enter Pistoll.

Flew. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turkecocks,
God plesse you Antient *Pistoll*, you scall,
Beggerly, lowlie knaue, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha, art thou bedlem?
Dost thou thrust base *Trojan*,
To haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Lecke.

Flew. Antient *Pistoll.* I would desire you because
It doth not agree with your stomacke, and your appetite,
And your digestions, to eate this Lecke.

Pist. Not for *Cadmalleder* and all his goates.

Flew. There is one goate for you Antient *Pistoll.*

He strikes him.

Pist. Base *Trojan*, thou shalt die.

inf. But in the Flew. I, I know I shall die, meane time, I would
Desire you to liue and eate this Lecke.

Gower. Inough *Captaine*, you haue astonisht him.

inf. Eate *Flew.* Astonisht him, by Iesu, Ile beate his head
Foure dayes, and foure nights, but Ile
Make him eate some part of my Lecke.

Pist. Well must I byte?

Flew.

Of Henry the first.

Flew. I out of question or doubt, or ambiguities,
You must byte.

Pist. Good, good.

Flew. I Leekes are good, *Ancient Pistoll.* *Looke you now,*
There is a shilling for you to heale your bloody coxkome.

Pist. Me a shilling?

Flew. If you will not take it,
I have an other Lecke for you.

Pist. I take thy shilling in earnest of reconing.

Flew. If I owe you any thing, ile pay you in cudgels,
You shalbe a woodmonger,

And by cudgels, God bwy you,

Ancient Pistoll, God blesse you,

And heale your broken pate.

Ancient Pistoll, if you see Leekes an other time,

Mocke at them, that is all : God bwy you.

Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Doth Fortune play the huswye with me now?

Is honour cudgeld from my warlike lines?

Well France farewell, newes have I certainly

That Doll is sicke. One mallady of France,

The warres affordeth nought, home will I trug.

Bawd will I turne, and vse the slyte of hand :

To England will I steale,

And there ile steale.

And patches will I get vnto these skarres,

And sweare I got them in the Gallia warres.

Exit Pistoll.

*Enter at one doore, the king of England and his Lords. And at
the other doore, the king of France, Queene Katherine, the
Duke of Burbon, and others.*

Harry. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met.

And to our brother France, faire time of day.

Faire health vnto our louely cousin Katherine.

And

The Chronicle Historie

And as a branch, and member of this stocke,

We do salute you Duke of *Burgondie*. (behold

Fran. Brother of *England*, right ioyous are we to behold
Your face, so are we Princes English every one.

Duk. With pardon vnto both your mightines,

Let it not displease you, if I demaund

What rub or bar hath thus far hindred you,

To keep you from the gentle speech of peace?

Har. If Duke of *Burgondy*, you would haue peace,

You must buy that peace,

According as we haue drawne our articles.

Fran. We haue but with a cursenary eye,

Ore viewd them: pleaseth your Grace,

To let some of your Councell sit with vs,

We shall returne our peremptory answere.

Har. Goe Lords, and sit with them,

And bring vs answere backe.

Yet leaue our cousin *Katherine* here behind.

Fran. With all our hearts.

Exit King and the Lords. Manet, Harry, Katherine, and the Gentlewoman.

Harry

Kate. Now Kate, you haue a blunt wooer here

If I could win thee at leapfrog, - I left with you.

Or with vawting with my armor on my backe,

Into my saddle,

Without brag be it spoken,

Ide make compare with any.

But leauing that Kate,

If thou takest me now,

Thou shalt haue me at the worst:

(better:

And in wearing, thou shalt haue me better and better,

Thou shalt haue a face that is not worth sunburning.

But doest thou thinke, that thou and I, (ming

Betweene Saint Denis,

And Saint George, shall get a boy,

That

of Henry the fift.

That shall goe to *Constantinople*,
And take the great Turke by the beard, ha *Kate*?

Kate. Is it possible dat me sall
Loue de enemie de *France*?

Harry. No *Kate*, tis vnpossible
You should loue the enemie of *France*:
For *Kate*, I loue *France* so well,
That Ile not leaue a village,
Ile haue it all mine: then *Kate*,
When *France* is mine,
And I am yours,
Then *France* is yours,
And you are mine.

Kate. I cannot tell what is dat.

Harry. No *Kate*?
Why Ile tell it you in French,
Which will hang vpon my tongue, like a bride
On her new married husband.
Let me see, *Saint Denis* be my speed.
Quan France et mon.

Kate. Dat is, when *France* is yours.

Harry. Et vous ettes amoy.

Kate. And I am to you.

Harry. Douck *France* ettes a vous:

Kate. Den *France* sall be mine.

Harry. Et ie suyues a vous.

Kate. And you will be to me.

Harry. Wilt beleue me *Kate*? tis easier forme
To conquer the kingdome, then to speak so much
More French.

Kate. A your Maiestie has false *France* inough
To deceiue de best Lady in *France*.

Harry. No faith *Kate* not I. But *Kate*, for the tell one
In plaine termes, do you loue me?

Kate. I cannot tell.

Harry. No, can any of your neighbours tell?
Ile aske them.

The Chronicle Historie

Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And soone when you are in your closet,
Youle question this Lady of me.
But I pray thee sweete *Kate*, vse me mercifully,
Because I loue thee cruelly.
That I shall dye *Kate*, is sure:
But for thy loue, by the Lord neuer.
What wench,
A straight backe will grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollowe.
A great legge will waxe small,
A curld pate proue balde:
But a good heart *Kate*, is the Sun and the Moone,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore *Kate* take me,
Take a souldier, take a souldier,
Take a king.
Therefore tell me *Kate*, wilt thou haue me?
de king *Kate*. Dat is as please the king my father.
Harry. Nay it will please him:
Nay it shall please him *Kate*.
And vpon that condition *Kate* Ile kisse you.
Ka. O mon du Je ne vouldroy faire quelke chose
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fashon en fauor.
Harry. What sayes she Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de fashon en *France*,
For de maides, before da be married to
Ma soy ie oblye, what is to bassie?
Harry. To kis, to kis. O that tis not the
Fashion in *France*, for the maides to kisse.
Before they are married.
Lady. Owyelcs votree grace.
Har. Well weele breake that custome:
Therefore *Kate* patience perforce and yeeld.
Before God *Kate*, you haue witchcraft
In your kisses.

And

of Henry the first.

And may perswade with me more,
Then all the French Councell.
Your father is returned.

*Enter the King of France, and
the Lords.*

How now my Lords?

France. Brother of England,
We haue ored the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in sedule had.

ordered

Exe. Onely he hath not subscribed to this,
Where your Maiestie demands,
That the king of *France* hauing any occasion
To write for matter of graunt,
Shall name your highnesse in this forme:
And with this addition in French.
Nostre tresher filz, Henry Roy D'anglaterra:
E heare de France. And thus in Latine:
Preclarissimus filius noster Henricus Rex Anglie,
Et heres Francie.

Fran. Nor this haue we so nicely stood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the same.

Har. Why then let this among the rest,
Haue his full recourse: And withall,
Your daughter *Katherine* in marriage.

Fran. This and what else,
Your maiestie shall craue.
God that disposeth all, giue you much ioy.

Har. Why then faire *Katherine*,
Come giue me thy hand,
Our marriage w'll we present solemnise,
And end our hatred by a bond of loue.
Then will *I* weare to *Kate*, and *Kate* to mee:
And may our vowes once made, vnbroken bee.

F I N I S.